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[ONE PENNY.]

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

DELIGHTFUL memories of last year in America are pleasantly revived by the announcement that the Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, of the Arlington-street Church, in Boston, is to preach on Sunday week, September 13, in Ullet-road Church, Liverpool. Last year, also, Mr. and Mrs. Frothingham were in England, and sailed from Liverpool by the *Republic* on September 11, with a contingent from this country, bound for the International at Boston, also on board.

A LETTER in last week's *Spectator* referred as follows to the Congress of the History of Religions, to be held at Oxford on September 15 to 18:—"It is curious to see the city which has long been noted as a source of schools of Christianity opening her gates to admit those whose special object is to set forth the common elements in all religions, and so to throw light on each. This is no Parliament of Religions like the Assembly at Chicago, but a purely historic congress from which controversy, except such as arises in regard to the facts of history, is excluded. It is curious that this is the first occasion on which an international congress has been held at Oxford. The arrangements are going forward. The University has lent the Examination Schools for the occasion. Sir Alfred Lyall has agreed to act as president; the presidents of sections are as follows:—Religions of the Lower Culture, Mr. Hartland; Chinese Section, Professor Giles; Egyptian, Professor Petrie; Semitic, Professor Jastrow; Indian, Professor Rhys Davids; Greek and Roman, M. Salomon Reinach; Teutonic and Celtic,

Sir J. Rhys; Christian, Professor Sanday; Section of Method, Count Goblet d'Alviella. Something like a hundred papers have already been promised, which will be published at length or in abstract in a large octavo volume. But as every one knows, the chief profit of these congresses comes from the meeting of colleagues and collaborators in friendly discussion and social intercourse, for which full provision has been made. For such intercourse the quadrangles and spires of Oxford will be no bad background. To those who wish to join the congress, the honorary secretaries (Dr. Carpenter, 109, Banbury-road, Oxford, or Dr. Farnell, 191, Woodstock-road, Oxford) will send papers furnishing further information."

THE annual meeting of the British Association opened at Dublin on Wednesday evening with the address of the President, Dr. Francis Darwin. Another of Charles Darwin's sons, George Darwin, was president some years ago, when the Association held its meetings in South Africa. The President, at the opening of his address, paid a tribute to the late Lord Kelvin, and remarked that until the present year there had not been a botanical president since Sir Joseph Hooker occupied the chair at Norwich forty years ago. They might expect him, he said, fifty years after the first publication by his father and Dr. Wallace of the doctrine of the origin of species by natural selection, to give them a survey of the progress of the doctrine of evolution during that period; but for such a gigantic task he was unfitted, and he felt it his duty rather to speak on matters to which his own researches had contributed. He took as his subject, therefore, the movements of plants. Dr. Darwin inclines to the opinion that in plants there are the dim beginnings of memory and feeling, an interesting scientific parallel to Wordsworth's poetic faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes.

THE Baptist World's Congress opened at Berlin on Saturday last with an immense gathering of 3,000 persons in the Concordia Hall. There were 1,800 delegates. Pastor Scheve, of Berlin, delivered an address of welcome to the delegates, and Dr. Clifford and leaders of other countries responded. Every Baptist pulpit in Berlin was occupied on Sunday by a foreign pastor. The Rev. Charles Brown, chairman of the Baptist Union, the venerable Dr. Glover, and other prominent English pastors addressed large assemblies. Mr. Lloyd George, a Baptist, telegraphed to the president of the

congress, urging Baptists to united action in the promotion of peace. Dr. Clifford (president) opened the business sittings on Monday with a powerful address on "The Brotherhood of European Baptists." The Rev. C. E. Benander, of Stockholm, whose paper was received with enthusiasm, put in a plea for the establishment of a Baptist training university in Europe. The Rev. Gustav Gieselbusch dealt with the development of the Baptist movement in Germany. Professor Newnham (N. America), Rev. R. Saillens (Paris), and Rev. E. Mohr (Lodz) spoke of Baptists as pioneers of freedom of conscience. Sir George White delivered a lecture on "The Influence of Baptist Principles on Christian Character." A large number of other topics were dealt with by delegates from different lands, but special interest was aroused by a report by M. Pavloff, of Odessa, on the position of the Baptist body in Russia. The British and Russian delegates subsequently conferred together with a view to raising funds in England to combat the persecuting tactics of the Orthodox Church against the Baptists of Southern Russia and the Caucasus.

ANTICIPATING the Conference of the Institute of Journalists, which began in Manchester last Monday, quite a number of clergy and ministers in the city dealt with the subject of the Press on the preceding day. At the Manchester Cathedral in the morning Canon Wright gave an appreciation of the support rendered by newspapers to Christian ideals, and exhorted journalists to use their great power to raise the nation. In the evening Bishop Welldon made a reference to the same subject. The Bishop of Salford, preaching at St. John's Cathedral, said that the Press might now perhaps be regarded as the greatest power in the land; it had to a large extent absorbed the power of the pulpit, the power of literature, and the functions of Parliament. Referring to the responsibilities which such a power inevitably involved, the Bishop said it behoved the Press to use its power with a due sense of its proper direction. Whilst acknowledging that the Sunday newspaper had come to stay, and that in some instances it was well conducted, he vehemently protested against the pernicious character of certain Sunday newspapers with an enormous circulation. The Rev. J. E. Roberts, of Union Chapel, also acknowledged the multifarious services of the Press to society, but regretted some of its more mischievous developments, especially the foulness of much of its Sunday reading and its fostering of the lottery and gambling spirit.

THE address of the president, Mr. Alfred F. Robbins, was a high-minded and courageous utterance. His subject was the status of the journalist, and he succeeded in presenting it in a noble and attractive form. Having asked whether in its mental and moral development, the Press had kept pace with its mechanical development, he expressed a serious doubt, and continued: "Is it not the case that in these times, as compared with forty years ago, there is more appeal to the immediate, and less thought of the abiding, greater glare and slighter illumination, the generation of heat rather than of light, the sacrifice—in too many cases—of common sense to crude sensationalism, of the honest truth to the telling head line?" Such an utterance, coming from the inside, is as healthy as it is opportune. Mr. Robbins' opinion was that such tactics might succeed for a time, but that in the long run no journal which sacrificed truth and fairness for passing popularity could retain influence and stand well in the public regard.

DR. LEN. G. BROUGHTON, pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, Atlanta, Georgia, is occupying the pulpit of Dr. Campbell Morgan, at Westminster Chapel, during the latter's absence in America. From accounts Dr. Broughton has given to an interviewer, it would seem that his church must be the most colossal undertaking of its kind in the States. The church, he says, has a membership of 2,000, and aims at dealing with every department of human need. The total cost of the church buildings, now nearing completion, will amount to £70,000, and the annual cost of upkeep will be £15,000. Included in the scheme of work are a hospital, a nurses' training college, a home for working girls, accommodating 100, and a church hostel for the benefit of persons staying in the town for short periods. This being so, it is not, perhaps, surprising that Dr. Broughton, whilst admiring many features of British religious life, thinks that it requires a little more "applied Christianity."

At Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church, Rev. F. Y. Leggatt recently delivered a fine plea for religious freedom, in the course of which he said:—"In the Church there are two types of Christians striving for supremacy—the dogmatic and the spiritual. On the one hand there are those who assert that the faith has been once for all delivered unto the saints, and who ever say we must see that this faith is not tampered with. This type of Christian lays stress on the dogmatic—the dogma of the incarnation, the atonement, the resurrection. Their point is not that we should believe these doctrines. We all do believe them in one way or another. They appear to lay greater stress on the continual repetition of the dogmas than on the explanation of them. Under this type of Christianity the churches have grown productive of no good. I prefer to give my vote for the second type, to follow the guidance of the spirit of truth. If we follow it unfettered and free, this spirit will guide us into all truth. No church has had the whole truth. It is absurd to say that the early church

had it all. The Kingdom of God comes about as Christ said it would—as the grain of wheat, as the mustard seed. The whole religious life is a progressive attainment in the knowledge of spiritual things."

EIGHT times Robert Collyer has been back on visits to the old country since he left his Yorkshire home and went to America fifty-eight years ago. So Mr. Hargrove records in his memoir, prefixed to the new volume of Dr. Collyer's sermons, "Where the Light Dwelleth," of which we wrote on Aug. 22. Some of our readers may be glad to have the dates of those visits—1865, 1871, 1878, 1883, 1886, 1892, 1898, and 1907. The first visit, in 1865, was after the long strain of the war, when he was tired out, though he did not tell his people, or quite know it himself. "But the truth is," he says in the "Memories" (*Christian Register*, May 5, 1904), "I was preaching tired sermons, some of them so poor and fatuous that they made me sick, and I burnt them off-hand. The wise heads in the church knew what was the matter; and on a Saturday evening one of them came to see me and said, 'We want you to take a good rest this summer, to go over to your old home and see the folk; and here is a check for your expenses.' The money the church gave me then and afterward before I started would have been equal to three years' steady work at the anvil, so generous they were and eager to send me home rejoicing. This was fifteen years after we landed in New York; and in the six years of our life in Chicago I had dreamed that some time in the future I might be able to cross the ocean to the old home land, see my mother again, the kinsfolk and the many friends. And, lo! here I was bidden to go forth, with 'gold to give and gold to spend.'"

On that first visit Collyer came alone, for his wife could not leave the children, who were too young. "All the way over on the steamer," he says in the "Memories," "I dreamed dreams and saw visions. I had told them I was coming, made a bee-line from Liverpool to Leeds; and, when I came to the home where my mother was, walked right in—no knocking at that door of all the doors on the earth. She was sitting in the same old chair where I had left her; but I think it was not the same house, and her hair now was white as snow. I said, 'Mother.' She looked up with a touch of wonder, and said, 'My lad, I do not know thy face, but that is thy voice.' And then she rose up and kissed me, while the tears ran down her fine old face. Presently I must go to Ilkley, where I had lived twelve years as boy and man; and there for the first time in my manhood I kissed a man, my dear old friend John Dobson, who had done more for me in loving care and counsel, as I have said before, than any or perhaps all the men I had known through those years so momentous to a youth. He had kept track of my life through the fifteen years, and was well aware of the change in my Christian fellowship; but he did not turn a hair. And, when I preached in our Unitarian church in Leeds, he came to hear me, and was still the same fast friend,

heart fast. My mother also went with me that morning; and I still remember so well, as we walked home arm in arm after the service, she said, 'I am not sure that I understood all thy sermon, my lad, or can believe as thou does; but I do believe in thee.' Then she squeezed my arm, and I was quite content."

WE conclude that that first preaching in Mill Hill Chapel was during Collyer's first visit in 1865. Can any of our readers tell whether he preached anywhere else in this country during that summer? There were other American visitors over that year, and we find that on October 15 Dr. Ezra Styles Gannett (Channing's colleague and successor in Boston) preached at Bridport, and next day his son, William (our poet of "The Thought of God," the hymns, and "Blessed be Drudgery"), then only twenty-five and not yet a minister, gave an address telling of the work which had been done for freedmen at Port Royal, in which he had had a part.

THE papers have announced this week that the Rev. Gertrud von Petzold, M.A., who took the full Divinity course in Manchester College, Oxford, and has been for the past four years minister of the Narborough-road Free Christian Church, in Leicester, has accepted a call to America. Miss von Petzold, it seems, had also received an invitation to the Longsight Free Christian Church in Manchester, but she has elected to cross the Atlantic. It is the "Church of Good Will to Men" at Streator, Ill., to which she goes, which the Year Book of the American Unitarian Association gives as organised in 1892. Streator is between 70 and 80 miles to the southwest of Chicago. We regret that our first experiment in this country of a woman in the regular ministry should be brought to so speedy an end; but we must not grudge our brethren and sisters over there a very capable recruit.

THE September *Country Home* (Constable, 6d.) opens with a well-illustrated article on "Barley Wood," in Somerset, which was once the home of Hannah More, until her removal to Clifton, five years before her death in 1833. There is also a short article on "The Red Lodge, Bristol," which Lady Byron bought and devoted to Mary Carpenter's Reformatory for Girls. The oak room at the Red Lodge, the article says, contains some of the most magnificent decorative work of the Elizabethan period, in a remarkably fine state of preservation. Two full-page illustrations show a corner of the panelled walls of this room, with a fine door-way, and the mantelpiece.

THE September *Young Days* has an article on "How to Preserve the Natural Colour of Flowers when they are Pressed," by the Rev. H. M. Livens, with good advice to which others besides the children may be glad to attend.

ERRATA.—In last week's *INQUIRER*, p. 549, in Mr. Hall's notice of Traherne's "Meditations," third column, in line 49, for "man" read "manner"; line 52, for "poison" read "prison."

THE CITY OF STILL WATERS.

It has been said that "a realist, in Venice, would become a romantic, by mere faithfulness to what he saw before him," and there is, about this wonderful city, an atmosphere of unreality, of almost incredible beauty, which makes it hard to believe that its people have their joys and sorrows like other human beings all the world over. The absence of noise, the glamour born of quiet waterways, the fantastic loveliness of the innumerable palaces, the languor which overcomes one there on a day of heat—all these things contribute to the dreamlike charm of the place, and draw one's mind away with seductive insistence from the plain facts of everyday life. And one surrenders to the spell in a *dolce far niente* spirit, not a little captivated by the melancholy which lurks, miasma-like, at the corner of every canal, knowing that one cannot escape it even if one would, except by taking train and fleeing to the mainland, where honest peasants are tilling the brown soil, and planting prosaic cabbages.

There are times when the Queen of the Adriatic is entrancingly sparkling and gay, and then, strolling along the busy Riva, or up the Merceria—pacing beneath the arcades of the Piazza, while the band plays, and pigeons flutter about in front of St. Mark's—or sitting under an awning on some exquisitely-carved balcony, watching the gondolas gliding up and down the sunlit Grand Canal in the wash of the fussy little electric launches which look so tiresomely busy and out of place,—you wonder why sentimental people talk nonsense about the sadness of Venice. The light is so crisp and clear, the water is so limpid and iridescent, and existence seems altogether so full of freshness and colour, that it is ridiculous, not to say inartistic, to draw attention to the pathos of a city upon every stone of which the hand of time has written "Ichabod." But on a dull day, or when the darkness has fallen, truth tells a different tale, for then it is that the ghosts of the past hover about the crumbling palaces of the Renaissance, and one seems to hear their sighs mingling with the lapping of the water as it slips under many a curved bridge, and washes flights of discoloured marble steps between tall poles to which, in the days of Dandolo, gaily-painted gondolas used to be tied, their golden-fringed curtains trailing in the canal. For Venice is, indeed, like an enchanted princess compelled by a sinister magician to cherish her beauty, and smile on a world that does not understand, while her heart is secretly breaking. Perhaps that is why so many people find it embarrassing to remain in her company for more than two or three days. Enchanted princesses may be very charming to look at, but they have a subtle and tiresome way of reminding you that they are very, very unhappy.

In Venice there is always too much to see. Even the art shops, filled with glorious old china, bronzes, statuary, carved ivories, engravings, crucifixes, reliquaries, and flounces of rare lace, weary one at last with the profusion of their riches; and the city itself is like a gallery full of wonderful pictures which it would take years to study properly. Indeed,

after a few mornings spent only in examining the treasures of St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace, one feels that it is possible for the eyes to be more than "satisfied with seeing" when they have to take in so much opulent beauty, and that it would be a relief to close them for a space in some quiet woodland nook where one could forget that men ever decorated statues of the Virgin with diamond necklaces, or raised altars of gold, encrusted with blazing jewels, to the glory of their God. Perhaps this feeling is chiefly attributable to the *bizarre* magnificence of the great cathedral, which seems to embody the spirit of those restless, acquisitive, splendour-loving, conscienceless Venetian merchants, who used to plunder the Orient to enrich their patron saint. And certainly there is much in the barbaric loveliness of St. Mark's which repels, even while it fascinates, the English temperament, so reminiscent is it of the insolent pomp and tyranny of a religion which has always sought to compensate men for the subjugation of their reason by the allurements of their senses. The bewildering pinnacles and cupolas of this stupendous pile as they outline themselves against a turquoise sky, the glowing mosaics under the famous bronze horses, the columns of precious marble,—rose-coloured, amber, green,—the lace-like delicacy of carved stone, the infinite variety of arches, and the astonishing array of statues in ornamental niches, draw one again and again to the vast Piazza which enshrines this miracle of architecture. But always one turns away from it all with a little sigh of regret, and a little catch at the heart, as one realises how alien to the spirit of the Christ whose "divinity" it glorifies is this gorgeous edifice in which he would have felt so utterly out of place.

It is, after all, the simplest things that give rest to the soul in all places; and just as, in the Accademia, one turns again and again to get by heart the sweetness of Bellini's Madonnas, or the exquisite grace of Carpaccio's little musicians playing on old Venetian instruments, when one has paid tribute to the clamant genius of Titian and Paolo Veronese, so, after steeping oneself for hours in the Oriental atmosphere of the great basilica, one is glad to find oneself gliding once more along the Canalazzo, in the solemn black gondola which Guiseppe, the oarsman, (who has blue eyes and a naïve smile) has decorated at the prow with a little bunch of roses. Perhaps, later in the day, you may row across to the Lido, and sit for awhile on the sandy shore—(along which Byron used to gallop so impetuously), facing the Adriatic, until the light begins to mellow, and the tawny sails of fishing-smacks on the horizon grow ruddy as the sky takes on the hues of sunset. Then, as one is borne homeward again, the waters of the lagoon—tremulous with prismatic colours—are ruffled by a soft breeze, and behind the irregular line of beautiful buildings, broken by towers and belfries, which must have looked so imposing to the foreign grandees when they came on their splendid embassies to Venice in times gone by, ethereal snow-peaks touched with pale gold are faintly discernible above the purple hills.

The Armenian monastery on its island looms darkly to the left, a little farther on the bells are chiming sonorously from the campanile of San Giorgio Maggiore, and, as one reaches the entrance to the Grand Canal, the dome of the Salute—a church which is pleasing by reason of its fine position, in spite of its *rococo* adornments—rises up grandly in the mellow light. The Doge's Palace, its upper walls looking delicately rosy above the white arches and arcades of the beautiful *loggia* below, broods serenely over the lithe Venetian promenaders who are strolling along the Riva, perpetually crossing and re-crossing its innumerable fairy-like bridges, after the heat of the day; and the winged lion on his high granite column gives that quaint and fantastic touch to the scene which is seldom wanting in this enchanted city. "Peace to thee, Mark, my evangelist," runs the motto of Venice, and peace is assuredly here now, in the glamour of the twilight,—a peace born of indescribable loveliness mirrored in still waters—a peace that has in it the pathos of life from which the full glory has departed.

LAURA ACKROYD.

TYRRELL ON MEDIAEVALISM.*

WHATEVER may be thought of Father Tyrrell's position in regard to the Catholic Church, no two opinions are possible as to the skill and temper with which he defends that position. His latest book is admirable alike for the dexterity of its argument, the grace and lucidity of its style, and the sincere religious passion of its spirit. Controversial, indeed, the work is; but how different from most of its class! Here is a man face to face with a vast problem, not to say a gigantic enemy; he stands up to it like a man, with something like a little smile to himself now and again at the disparity of the fight, yet absolutely fearless, perfectly assured that no other course is open to him but to wage this battle (as he conceives it) for the true Catholicism, for the living faith as opposed to the dead dogma, and for the souls of men rather than the interests of an institution, however august and reverend.

The book consists of a reply to the Lenten Pastoral addressed this year by Cardinal Mercier to the faithful in Belgium, in which the Cardinal denounced "Modernism," specifying Tyrrell as its leader. The Pastoral is given in full translation, the original French being appended to the book. Oddly enough, the errors of Modernism have (according to the Cardinal) "scarce an adherent in Belgium"; but, following on the Papal Encyclical *Pascendi*, it was thought well to inform the faithful clergy and laity of Belgium what was the matter. It would appear from the Cardinal's "Conclusion" that the Belgian Catholics are by no means beyond the need of information upon matters religious, for he deplores the general absence of religious literature from the bookshelves of his friends in the liberal professions; and he suggests that in addition to the catechism of Trent, "they ought to have at hand,

* "Mediaevalism." A Reply to Cardinal Mercier. By George Tyrrell. (Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 210. 4s. net.)

if not the whole text of the Bible, at least the New Testament"! No wonder that his critic suspects a connection between the obviously uninstructed condition of the Belgian Catholics and their reputed freedom from heresy. Whether the Belgians will read this reply to their Cardinal or not, there must be surely a great many Catholics in this country who will; if they do, the effect must as surely be to open their minds more than ever to the new day that is dawning for their Church.

Non-Catholics will doubtless find themselves in imperfect sympathy with the author. How can he remain a Catholic, having surrendered so much to criticism and science? Why should he wish to, if what he advances against Catholicism is true? The Protestant reader must be patient; he will soon see that Tyrrell is far from self-stultification. His "Catholicism" is not the "Mediævalism" upon which he charges such a load of evils, past and present, and from which he strives to release the true life of the Church he loves. Perhaps the best way to illustrate his mood and method will be that of quoting freely. First, here is something interestingly autobiographical:—

"It is to my Protestant education that your Eminence traces my Modernism. You say that my kinship with Doellinger's Protestantism is 'in no wise surprising, for Tyrrell is a convert whose early education was Protestant.' I submit that nothing could be more surprising than that an education in a certain direction should lead to a development in the diametrically opposite direction. Either you know nothing of my antecedents or you pay a prodigious compliment to the vigour of my Protestant principles. Perhaps you have read of me in certain Roman papers as an 'antico pastore protestante,' as one long devoted to the cause of militant anti-popery, then suddenly struck down by the blinding light of ultramontane theology, and now finally returning again like the washed sow to her wallowing in the mire. Nothing could be further from historical truth. Till the age of fifteen, I took as little interest in religious questions as any other healthy-minded schoolboy. It was from a very crude study of Bishop Butler's 'Analogy' that I woke to a dim sense of there being a great and pressing world-problem to be solved for myself and for others, either positively or negatively. The same reasons that made me hope for the positive solution made me also hope that the most widespread and ancient form of Christianity might after all be found in possession of that solution. Having no adequate idea of the essential principles and differences of Protestantism and Catholicism, my objections to the latter being of a merely popular and superficial kind, it is not wonderful that at the mature age of eighteen I was ready for the step that cost a scholar like Newman half a lifetime of consideration. Not one of the reasons on which I acted do I now acknowledge as of the slightest validity. They were those of the ordinary anti-Protestant apologetic of our proselytisers' tricks of exegesis and dialectical legerdemain. The present foundations of my Catholicism are far other. At nineteen I was a Jesuit, and from that time forward my one preoccupation has been to justify

the Catholic religion for myself and for others. It was in pursuit of this end that I gradually got beneath the surface and learnt, at one and the same time, the true nature and differences of Catholicism and Protestantism. As you say in your schools, 'the science of contraries is one and the same science.' And what I gradually learnt was that my first apprehension of Catholicism as concentrated into the person of the Pope was theological heresy and historical ignorance; that the true and distinctive principle dividing Catholicism from Protestantism was that which barely escaped condemnation at the Vatican Council, and for adhesion to which Dr. Doellinger was excommunicated by Pius IX. And it is to my Protestant antecedents—to my six or seven years of purely passive, unreasoning Protestantism—that you trace the conviction that now makes me a Catholic and prevents that return to the Church of my baptism which in so many ways would be such an unspeakable relief to me. For 'Who can dwell with perpetual burnings?'

"What! thirty years of my reasoning life spent in defence of the Catholic system, and twenty-six of them under the tutelage of the Society of Jesus were not enough to obliterate the impression made by Protestantism on my schoolboy mind!

"That were, indeed, a high testimony to the vigour of Protestantism as contrasted with Catholicism" (pp. 98-100).

In another place the author defines thus his attitude towards Protestantism:—

"Profoundly as I venerate the great truths and principles for which Protestantism stands, I am somewhat chilled by its inhumanity, its naked severity, its relentless rationality. If it feeds one half, perhaps the better half, of the soul, it starves the other. The religion of all men must be the religion of the whole man—Catholic in depth as well as in extension" (p. 186).

And the following sentences give succinctly his conception of the contrasted positions:—"The pure subjectivism which you imagine to be the characteristic of Modernism, and to derive from Protestantism is repudiated by both alike. A certain objective rule of faith, a certain personal acceptance and interpretation of the rule, are common to Protestantism, Catholicism, and Ultramontanism. They differ only as to the objective rule, which is the Bible, for Protestants; the Church, including the Pope, for Catholics; the Pope, excluding the Church, for Ultramontanes" (p. 98).

It is, therefore, as a champion of the rights of the whole Church, the living current of faith and inspiration, which must ever be of more value than any verbal descriptions and definitions, and as an opponent of the usurpation of exclusive authority by the Pope, that Tyrrell claims to be a true Catholic. "Modernism," he says, "does not believe in the religious independence of every isolated individual; nor does it believe in the absolute subjection of all to the private will and judgment of a privileged individual who can impose theological definitions upon the rest under pain of eternal damnation. It believes in the Church as being alone, in the full sense, Christ's Vicar upon earth, commissioned to teach what he taught

and no more; and in the way that he taught it, and not otherwise; commissioned to be what he was, the revelation of a new life, the inspiration of a new hope, the communication of a new strength. The light he has commissioned her to let shine before men is not the light of science or metaphysics or even theology, but the light of that revelation of God which Christ himself was" (pp. 116 and 117).

Thus far the author may have appeared for the most part on the defensive; but there are pages of tremendous indictment against the "Mediævalism" which, fortified by the new Papal usurpation, still blocks the way of progress as it has done in the past ages. Claiming to have a revealed theology to which all other sciences must be adjusted, the Church has from one generation to another hindered the discovery of truth. "Is it not just in the name of revelation that the whole authority of the Church over conscience has been brought to bear against one science after another, so as, if possible, to strangle them in their birth? If the Church had had her way, if Reason had not refused to listen to her outside the narrow limits of her teaching commission, our scientific conceptions to-day would be those of the Bible. We should believe that the world was flat or concave, and not spherical; or that, if spherical, there were no antipodes; that the stars were hung out like lamps night by night; that the sun swept round the earth day by day; that man was created only six thousand years ago; that fossils were created just as and where we find them; that eclipses and meteors were miraculous portents; that the multiplicity of languages was a preternatural phenomenon; that all races derived from three sons of Noe; that all animal species had existed in one spot and were represented in Noe's ark; that the whole world had been submerged and drained dry again in a couple of years. We should still be burning old women on the charge of the evil eye or of intercourse with the devil; we should be treating epilepsy, hysteria, and insanity as diabolic possession; we should be using prayer and exorcism instead of medicine, surgery, and hygiene; we should be ringing consecrated bells against storm-demons and earth-shakers; the chemist would be a magician; the moneylender an excommunicant" (pp. 124, 125). Modernism is the spirit that welcomes the new light, in theology as in all other branches of learning.

And what of the present, which Modernism is trying to affect? Popes come and go, but this overgrown bureaucracy that exploits the papacy abides unchanged as to its spirit, its methods, its ends. Here we have a vast multitude of men for whom the centralisation of the Church at Rome means money and position; whose private interest it is to push the papal claims to their utmost extreme. With them, the Pope can do everything; against them he can do nothing. They are the channel of his communication with the Church, and nothing can pass from one to the other but through them and in the form most suited to their collective advantage. It is against this compact army of officials, he warns the Cardinal, "that the Catholic conscience

is beginning to rise in indignation" (p. 165). "Little wonder, therefore," he goes on later, "if all that is earnest and generous and Christian among the younger clergy is ready for revolt; if men refuse to receive, as the mandate of God, orders engineered by the army of career-hunters who supply the Pope with the falsified information necessary for their own godless ends. Little wonder if this quickly gathering force of instinctive indignation is impatient of the moderating control of carefully balanced syntheses, elaborated by quiet students far removed from that centre of actual conflict where ideas are embodied in men, and the battle is between persons and interests rather than thoughts. The condemnation and persecution of such students has at once added fuel to the fire of this anger, and convinced the more practical-minded men of the futility of fighting vested interests with the frail weapons of reason. Strong movements, like strong men, have need to be narrow-minded and one-sided; they cannot afford to weaken their resolution by 'thinking too precisely on the event'; they must often face the risk, nay, the certainty, of loss for the sake of a balance of gain. To the reformers in question, Socialism, with all the crudities and shortcomings and anti-Christianism, is more Christian, more akin to the gospel, with its 'enthusiasm for humanity,' than the cold-hearted cynical ecclesiasticism to which it stands opposed. Their moral and religious revolt against the latter bids fair to drive them blindly into the arms of the former. If they cannot civilise the Church, they will evangelise the world" (pp. 166, 167).

We may end this notice most appropriately at this point. Father Tyrrell's outlook upon Catholicism is doubtless conditioned by the special circumstances of his position in touch with Adullamites near and far. Possibly he overrates the forces making for revolt in Catholic countries generally (even in Belgium, he hints), but such forces there are; and, though the sheer weight of authority in possession is against them for the present, the future must be with them and not with it. What will result from the ever-diffusive ferment in the Church he cannot foresee; he has fears as well as hopes. But the present duty is clear, and his book is a valiant effort to fulfil it. No intelligent student of religious developments in our day can afford to leave the book unread.

W. G. T.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.*

If we are to judge from the ever-increasing number of books on Cardinal Newman, interest in his personality and influence shows no sign of waning. Of books on Newman there is no end, yet the public asks for more. It can hardly be for lack of information; Newman has left us forty volumes, of which at least twenty are autobiographical, and his career has been scrutinised for the greater part of a century. Even if Mr. Ward's promised

biography could add anything to our knowledge, it is not likely that he will be indiscreet. Dr. Sarolea, in the book before us, considers that the cult of Newman will continue, if for no other reason than that "the human mind is so constituted that it only takes an interest in problems which it cannot solve." Newman is an enigma, and we are all interested to know what each other thinks about him. It may be said at once that Dr. Sarolea's own effort at solution deserves a welcome. Though he apologises for "gallicisms," the style reproduces some of the lucidity and brightness of his native tongue; yet the freshness and wit of the writing do not hide the author's wide knowledge and power of searching analysis. We could wish that more books were written on theological topics "which shall be neither Catholic nor Anglican nor Protestant" by writers "detached from theological controversies, though passionately interested in religious questions." In these words Dr. Sarolea describes his own standpoint, and defends it by the reflection, "The main cause of the barrenness and futility of most theological controversies lies in the difficulty of agreement on principles and on the immediate data of the problem, . . . like Hamlet the theologian crosses swords with the phantoms of his own imagination."

In a short notice it is impossible to discuss the many questions which our author raises. We may dissent from his favourable judgment on Newman's action in remaining in the Anglican Church for many years after he had become a Catholic, but it is by no means easy to decide on the superiority of any one principle when several seem to be in conflict. Such questions are best left to the private conscience, or to the bottomless pit of Christian casuistry. Dr. Sarolea seems, as a rule, to accept the sincerity of Newman, as Newman understood it, though he cannot refrain from criticising the moral value of his ideas. Newman was honest, but too often his explanations "seem to non-believers as immoral as they are puerile and futile. To those who protest against the doctrine of hell, in the name of the moral conscience, he replies in the most solemn tone that the Catholic Church allows us to believe, with the Jesuit Petavius, that hell after all may contain *refrigeraria*. . . . It is not such and such an argument, it is not such and such a fact, which separates Newman from his readers; it is the very spirit and atmosphere of his works." However, much that is obscure and even disconcerting in Newman's thought and actions may be explained, Dr. Sarolea believes, by the fact that his character was self-contradictory. There was the Newman, *naturaliter catholicus*, who rejoices in the communion of believers and the social ideal of Catholicism, conjoined with a Newman self-centred and mystical, who is ever quoting Pascal, "nous sommes seuls, nous mourrons seuls." Without any sense of inconsistency, Newman pleads for the suppression of the reason and obedience to authority. Yet "in vain did he say to human reason: Thou shalt go no further. His plea against rationalism was only through an appeal to reason." In fact, so powerful was this appeal that "our only

way of escape from Newman is to deny his premises." Apparently Newman never discovered that the Grammar of Assent was running in a vicious circle. Nor did he see any inconsistency, after writing the Grammar of Assent, which may be "interpreted and held as undermining the foundations of absolute and objective religious truth," in boasting at Rome that he had always denied religion to be a subjective phenomenon. Stranger still, the Newman who urges the superiority of the collective conscience of the Church over the private conscience is the same man who strenuously opposed the proclamation of papal infallibility. "Certainly, if I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner toasts (which, indeed, does not seem quite the thing), I shall drink—to the Pope, if you please—still, to Conscience first, and to the Pope afterwards" (*Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii., 261). These contradictions in Newman's life and works might be multiplied. Dr. Sarolea considers that the Roman Church has special attractions for such characters, and in a very interesting chapter compares Newman with Pascal, another of those strange, sceptical, self-opposed souls which Catholicism succeeds in sweeping into her fold.

In view of the present developments of Modernism, the last two chapters of the book, headed "Was Newman a Liberal Catholic?" and "Cardinal Newman and Modernism," are especially valuable. Dr. Sarolea is careful to point out that Newman's "theory of development," though it has been indirectly responsible for the attitude of such men as Dimnet, Laberthonnière, Leroy, Houtin, and Loisy, (who proclaims the Cardinal as the only Catholic theologian of the nineteenth century) yet can only be used by Modernism up to a definite point. Newman considered that the Roman Catholic Church is a living organism like the mustard-seed of the Gospel. All that was afterwards evolved was in type involved in the seed. If the Roman Church is vastly different from the Apostolic Church, yet the Apostolic Church was the germ at a certain period of development. Readers of Father Tyrrell's "Through Scylla and Charybdis" will remember that he boldly abandons this theory. "Spiritual development is not a process of passive unfolding, of which each step is rigorously determined by the preceding, but a process of active reconstruction, conditioned by the chance materials furnished through the quite incalculable succession of experiences." Perhaps the following quotation supplies some clue why Father Tyrrell and his confrères still cling to the Church: "What explains the marvellous vitality of the Roman Church are its symbols and rites, its spiritual exercises, its hygiene of the soul, its moral discipline, its political organisation, the result of an experience of twenty centuries; it is these that constitute the true inheritance and eternal possession of the Catholic religion, it is these which enable even those who have given up the Catholic dogmas to proclaim themselves sons of the Catholic Church."

We heartily commend Dr. Sarolea's essay to all who like a well-written and thoughtful book, and especially to all Free Catholics.

A. HERMANN THOMAS.

* "Cardinal Newman and his Influence on Religious Life and Thought." By Charles Sarolea, D.Ph., D.Litt., University of Edinburgh. The World's Epoch Makers. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1908. 3s.).

HOW I TRIED TO ACT THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

(BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

THERE is some good in everybody, but not enough in anybody. The first proposition was the moral of the incident which I was permitted last week to describe in these pages. The second is the moral of the story I have now to tell. Neither moral is of much significance when divorced from the other. Persons who emphasise the truth that "there is some good in all" should always be careful to add "but not enough in any." And those who cry aloud "not enough in any" should ease the burden of their message by concluding with "some in all." If moralists had observed this conjunction, some of the most unprofitable controversies would have been avoided. I wish, therefore, that the following story may be read in the light of its predecessor, and that the latter also may be read in the light of this.

One of the chief actors in the incident about to be related was a machine, and it is important that the reader should have this machine in his mind's eye. It was a motor-bicycle, furnished in the midst with a sputtering little engine, said to contain in its entrails the power of three horses and a half. To the side thereof was attached a small vehicle like a bath-chair, in which favoured friends of the writer are from time to time either permitted or invited to ride. On this occasion the bath-chair was empty, and a long journey was drawing to a close. It is true that at various periods of the day I had enjoyed the company of a passenger in this humble but lively little carriage. The first had been a well-known Unitarian minister who, I believe, had invented a distant engagement for the sole purpose of inducing me to give him a ride in my car. To him there had succeeded a series of small boys, picked up in various villages, each of whom, at the conclusion of a brief but mad career through space, was duly dismissed with a penny and a strict injunction to be a good lad to his mother. The last lift had been given to an aged wayfarer whose weary and travel-stained appearance had excited my compassion. No sooner, however, was the machine under weigh than I discovered, in spite of my will to believe otherwise, that my passenger was suffering not from fatigue, but from intoxication. To get rid of him was no easy matter, and the employment of stratagem became necessary. What the stratagem was, I shall pass over; I will only say that it was not in accordance with any recognised form of the categorical imperative. However, the ruse succeeded, and now, as I have said, the car was empty. Thus were concluded the prolegomena to that great act of altruism which was to crown the day.

It was in the country consecrated by the genius of a great novelist (as what part of England is not?) that these things took place. I found myself in the narrow streets of an ancient town—and it was market day. The roadway was thronged with red-faced men and women; and flocks of sheep, herds of cattle and pigs provided the motor-cyclist with a severe probation to the nerves. With much risk to myself, and not a little to other people,

I emerged from this place of danger and joyfully swept over the bridge into the broad highway beyond the town. Turning a corner, I became suddenly aware that the road a hundred yards ahead was again blocked. Two carriers' carts, a brewer's waggon, and some other miscellaneous vehicles were drawn up anyhow in the road, and the drivers of these, having descended from their various perches, were gathered around a figure lying prostrate on the ground. I, too, alighted and forced my way into the group. In the midst was an old man, his countenance pallid as death, save where a broad stream of blood pouring from a gash two inches long, crimsoned his cheek from eye to chin. There was a great bruise on his temple, and again on the back of his head, for he had spun round in falling, was a lump the size of a pullet's first egg. "Oss ran away and pitched him on to the curb," said one whom I questioned. "He's dying," said another, "if not already dead." For myself, I turned sick at the sight; nevertheless, I could not help being struck by the vigorous actions and attitude of an old woman who, armed with a bucket of water and a roller towel, seemed to be not merely bathing his wounds, but giving the whole man a bath. I also noted the figure of a clergyman, of whom all that I distinctly recall is that he had a tassel round his hat.

"We must take him to the hospital," said I. "No," said an elderly man; "he'll be dead before you get him there. He's nearly gone already. Better fetch a doctor."

"Has any body got a bicycle?" said the clergyman. "Yes," I replied, "I've got one, and just the sort of bicycle for this business, too." "You'd better fetch Ross," said the same voice, speaking as before in the slightly imperious accents of Keble College. "No," said the old woman almost fiercely, "Ross's no good. Fetch Conklin." "All right," I said; "if one of you will show me where Conklin lives, I'll fetch him in a brace of shakes." Instantly the whole company, saving only the parson and the old woman, volunteered. Selecting one who seemed of lighter weight than the rest (he was a boy), I jumped up, called to my three horses, yoked up the half-horse (kept in reserve for great occasions), and, letting all loose at once, drove at top speed in the direction of Conklin's abode. Then was seen in the streets of that old town such a scurrying and scattering, both of men and beasts, as the world has not beheld since the most desperate moments of John Gilpin's ride. Back over the bridge, where Cavaliers and Roundheads once stood at push of pike for fifty minutes by "the towne clocke," through the market-place, where the cheap-jack ceased lying that he might regard us, past the policeman at the Cross (slower at this point), up the steep gradient of the High-street, right through a flock of geese (illustrious bird! who not only warnest great cities of impending ruin, but keepest thyself out of harm's way better than any four-footed beast of the field), we drove our headlong course, and, in less time than this paragraph has taken to write, I stood on the doorstep of the doctor's house. In another minute I had seen him and told my tale.

The doctor received my gushings with perfect impassivity, and responded with the merest apology for a grunt. But my repeated allusions to flowing blood seemed at last to rouse him. He seized a black bag that stood on the table, thrust in the necessary tackle, and said, "Come along."

In the race back to the Field of Blood I had no leisure to analyse the structure of Conklin's mind. But a few remarks which he shouted in my ear revealed the fact that his interests were by no means confined to the performance of professional duty. I could not help wondering what Ross was like. If any reader of THE INQUIRER should be taken suddenly ill while staying in that town, my advice, formed mainly on negative data, would be to send for Ross during the acute stage of the malady, and to try Conklin's treatment in convalescence. Or, better still, call them both in at once, and then take your choice.

These mental observations were scarcely completed when a turn in the road brought us in sight of our goal. Will the reader believe me when I tell him that the goal seemed to have vanished? I could scarcely believe it myself. Not a soul was to be seen. Stare as I would, no human form, living or dead, prostrate or upright, wounded or whole, answered to my gaze. Men, horses, and carts, all were gone! The whole insubstantial pageant had faded, leaving not a wrack behind.

"This is the place," I said to Conklin, "but the man has disappeared." For answer, he looked fixedly into the pupil of my left eye, expecting, no doubt, to find there unmistakable signs of lunacy. "Wait a bit," I cried, divining his thoughts, "here's somebody who will clear it up," and I pointed to a cottage door at which I suddenly espied the old woman whose handling of the roller-towel had so impressed me. "Where," I shouted, addressing her, "where is the wounded man?" "Took away," was the laconic reply. "Took away!" I said, "And who has had the impudence to take him away?" "Why," said the old woman, "you hadn't been gone more'n two minutes when his niece—her as keeps his house—comes driving home in a big cart. 'Hello!' she says, 'blest if that isn't Uncle Fred!' 'Yes,' says one of 'em, 'and got it pretty badly this time, I can tell yer. There's a gentleman just gone to fetch Conklin.' 'Conklin?' says she. 'I'll Conklin 'im! Who do you think's going to pay 'im? Not me! Let 'im as fetches 'im pay 'im. 'Ere,' she says, 'some of yer help to put this old man on the bottom of my cart, and look sharp, or Conklin'll be here in a minute.' So they shoves the poor old thing on to the floor of the cart with a sack of 'taters to keep him steady, and Eliza—that's her name—its the 'oss with a long stick as she carried instead of a whip, sets off at full gallop, and was out of sight almost before you could say so. Somebody else took the old man's pony, and the rest of 'em all made off as fast as they could."

"And what did that clergyman do?" I asked.

"Jumped on his bicycle and went 'ome to his tea," said the old woman.

"The sneak!" I cried.

"You couldn't ha' used a better word,"

said the old woman, "and there's plenty of people in this parish who'd be glad to hear you say it. And the worst of it is, there's plenty more like him!" This last was shouted with great emphasis, perhaps with a view to Conklin's edification, but, at all events, with the air of a person who could produce supporting evidence were such to be demanded.

There was a pause, and I endeavoured to collect my thoughts. "Doctor," I said, making a desperate attempt to get as near the Good Samaritan as these untoward developments rendered possible. "Doctor, what's your fee?"

"The expression on your face is the best fee I've had for a long time," said the doctor; "I'm sorry I didn't bring my kodak."

"Doctor," I resumed, "I'll tell you one thing. You and this old lady are the only members of the company who carry away an untarnished reputation from this episode. As for me, I have been made a perfect fool of. As for the rest of them—" I waited for words to come, and, finally lapsing into melodrama, said, "As for the rest of them, I leave them to the company of their own consciences."

"There's one of 'em as hasn't got any," said the old woman.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE RED DEER.

EXMOOR, the home of the Red Deer, is a wild and glorious country. To the eye of the outlooker from any point of vantage, a boundless region of noble hills and broad valleys. Hills draped with heather and bilberry, scored with deep, dense combs, and marked with vivid strips and patches of treacherous bog. Not mountains such as you may see in some countries, standing up erect, ruling the earth and defying the skies; but slumbering giants reclining at full length, and covering their huge limbs and shoulders each with his rich, purple coverlet. Valleys full of shadow and greenness, where the thick woods climb the slopes on either side, and vocal with lively and unquenchable brooks. Valleys, too, lying very still and quiet beside the still mountains, extending wide their arms to feel the warm sunshine or to play with the drifting curtains of mist. Come away! through a vestibule of fine walnut trees, with their rich green foliage redolent as bay, and their pale grey stems mottled with dark, creeping liverwort, like a panther's hide, we turn into the vale and wind our way up, round this wooded shoulder, round that, gradually rising all the way, until we stand above the tree-tops with the ling in flower up to our knees. We must cross the stream now and again on the wet and slippery boulders. The trout dart away as we approach.

For the last three months, scarce more than a bucketful of rain has fallen, so to speak, and that a month ago, over all the countryside; yet the brooks are flowing merrily. Week in, week out, there scarce seems any difference. "Where can it all come from?" I remarked to the miller, as we stood looking over the bridge together. "Comes from the moors," says he; "thunderin' heavy dews up there

o' nights, and though it don't rain, them hills milks the clouds just as I milk my cows, and the clouds go and hang round the mountains whenever they want them, just as my cows come up from the meadow and loiter round the yard-gate when I cry 'coo-oop!' of an evening. Takes a lot to dry up these streams, I tell ye."

Coming up the glen we noticed an oak tree felled and laid from bank to bank across the stream. At first sight you might take it for a "clam," the simplest of all kinds of bridge; but this it cannot be, as there is no track on the other side. Moreover, you will notice strong wire netting, like that which surrounds the adjoining cornfield, hanging from it, and fixed to posts in the stream. This is to prevent the stags, which are wont to come down the bed of the stream from the moors from further progress. There is no love lost between the stags and the farmers, for they are terrible devastators if they get among the crops. A few steps further up the lane is a cottage on one side and a garden surrounded by a five foot hedge-wall on the other. The occupant of the cottage had a nice lot of spring cabbages early in the year, and he watched them curling in and forming heart with great satisfaction. But he rose one morning to find nothing but stumps. The deer had come down the glen in the night, cleared the wall, supped well, and returned as nimbly as they had entered. They are devoted to turnips and will try every root in a field in one night. They will make short work with a field of green or ripe corn if they get the chance, and will travel any distance to vary thus their more austere habitual diet of ivy and fern with such a succulent repast. Moreover, if one or two stags get into a turnip field during the night and sample the crop, they will return with a score of their kith and kin the next night, and if nothing prevented, and anything remained to come for, with half a hundred, it may be, the night after.

When hunted, as alas! they are, though not until they have reached a ripe age, and lived a life of joyful freedom, both stags and hinds show great sagacity. Some of them evade their pursuers for years. When started, a stag will fly off at a tremendous pace, inspired by fear, and leave the dogs miles behind. More prudent husbanding of energy to begin with, might sometimes make the difference between life and death in the end. The stag always makes for water, and going down hill into a stream, will then run for miles in the water so as to put the pack off its scent. If unseen it may thus get safe away. When once a deer has come to bay, however, its fate is sealed. Its tired muscles stiffen rapidly, and there is no more run in it. But a shrewd animal does not lose its head, and there is a touch of rough humour in the stratagems to which it may revert for safety. Thus, knowing where the herd is lying miles away in the deep ferns of a shady combe it will make a short track to them, plunge into their midst, give the alarm, and set them flying to all the points of the compass. When the pack arrive they are dumbfounded. Every several dog follows up a separate scent, and the hunt is at an end. Another tactic is on record,

which is not as base as it looks. An old stag has been seen to run into the brake where a young fellow-tribesman was lying in seclusion, turn him out and take his place in the fern. The old fellow was safe; the young deer, though pursued for a while, might be safe too, that is, provided he had not reached mature age.

One more story—and I only tell stories that end happily. This time the hunt had started a hind, but the fond creature was seen to have a fawn trotting at her side. The mother, knowing that it could not keep up with her, with prompt, peremptory kindness, butted it down into the fern, with strict orders to lie still until she came again or called. The child obeyed, and by its obedience, two lives, its own and its mother's, were saved. For the hind, now free to make the best of its pace, fled onward, up hill and down dale, until it came to the sea, plunged in and swam away.

Everyone knows Landseer's fine picture entitled "The Challenge," in which a stag is seen on the shore of a northern lake bellowing defiance to a rival, who has heard and accepted the challenge and is swimming through the freezing water in fierce delight to test his prowess in battle. You see his head and antlers in the distance over the surface of the dark water; a fact which proves that Landseer never saw what he essayed to paint. Had he done so, he would not have shown the approaching stag's head, still less his horns; for when a stag swims, as he is able to for hours together, he throws his antlers back, keeping only the tip of his nose above the water, and this, at some distance, would be invisible. A hind, of course, having no horns, this does not apply to her, except that—returning to the hind in my story—keeping only the tip of her nose out of water she swam out to sea and was lost to sight. For the rest of the day, and on far into the night she remained steadily paddling, borne this way and that by the tide. About midnight she landed and woke the neighbourhood up as she trotted off calling for her fawn, which had in the meantime been discovered and removed to a place of safety on the moors where, no doubt, she found it in course of time. For the rest, read Browning's poem "Donald," and Richard Jefferies' "Red Deer," and William Long's "School of the Woods," and then you will know something of the ways of the deer.

H. M. L.

THE London Unitarian Swimming League announces a gala performance at the Holborn Baths, Broad-street, W.C., on Friday, September 11, at eight o'clock, when the finals for the senior and junior challenge shields will take place, and there will be interesting exhibitions of swimming and diving by experts. Mr. Percy Preston, president of the Laymen's Club, will preside, and Mrs. Wooding, ex-president of the Women's Social Club, will present the challenge shields and prizes. Ladies are specially invited. Tickets (6d., front row, and 3d.) may be had from Mr. H. Gimson, 25, Bark-place, Bayswater, W.

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LONDON, SEPTEMBER 5, 1908.

TOLSTOY AT EIGHTY.

THURSDAY next, September 10, will be TOLSTOY's eightieth birthday, and though he has been again suffering from severe and painful illness, and is reported to have expressed the wish, the other day, that he might "stretch his arms, close his eyes, and drop into eternity," having only trustful and happy thoughts concerning death, he has so often manifested an astonishing vitality that it is quite likely his friends and admirers will have the satisfaction of presenting to him the birthday address of congratulation and grateful acknowledgment which they contemplate.

Eight years ago RUSKIN died, within a few days of his eighty-first birthday, having had an experience very similar to TOLSTOY's. Both men had attained to great celebrity as writers, RUSKIN on art and TOLSTOY as a novelist, when a new passion of reality in personal religion, bringing with it extreme doctrines of social reform, took possession of them, and led to the devotion of their latter years to the persistent preaching of the new gospel; or, as they would say, a new insistence on the old gospel of CHRIST himself. RUSKIN was over forty when he published "Unto this Last," and TOLSTOY over fifty when in "My Confession" he made known to the world that great change of which Mr. PRIME speaks in his article, which follows these lines. Both men came to be widely regarded as veritable prophets of the higher life, while, on the other hand, many mourned in them ruined artists, whose fine gifts were being wasted on hopelessly perverse and impracticable enthusiasms. These contrasted views may be seen represented in the case of TOLSTOY in the critical articles on his work in two of the current monthlies, compared with Mr. TCHERTKOFF's Free Age Press popular edition of many of TOLSTOY's writings and two six-shilling books (published by GRANT RICHARDS in 1901), Mr. AYLMER MAUDE's "Tolstoy and His Problems," and "The Life and Teaching of Leo Tolstoy," a book of extracts, with an

introduction by Mr. G. H. PERRIS. We shall have next week a further article by Mr. PRIME on "Tolstoy's Anarchism," and may have then something further to say on the religious significance of his teaching. With him, as with RUSKIN, we need not doubt but that time will sift out for the benefit of mankind the essential truth, which has been the inspiration of his life.

TOLSTOY AS PROPHET.

LEO TOLSTOY was born on August 28, 1828, near Tula. His eightieth birthday, therefore, will be celebrated this year on August 28 in Russia, corresponding to September 10 on our calendar. His own accounts of his earlier life condemn the wickedness of that period with prophetic fervour, but he did no more than share in the usual habits and vices of the wealthy and intellectual class to which he belonged, and, indeed, was by no means one who was considered to have gone to excesses. In his self-accusation at a later time he has come to the standard of belief that killing in war is murder, that living on other people's labour without making adequate return is robbery, and that the looseness of life usual among his class was to be called by no mild name, but designated plainly as adultery. From his earlier writings—his realistic stories—it is clear that in those days he suffered remorse over some of these things and was in questioning uncertainty about others. He strove to help the peasants on his estate, to educate the emancipated serf, and to learn *how* to educate them. He married the woman he loved, and his domestic life appears to have been one of affection and mutual helpfulness. Very remarkable is Tolstoy's account of his discontent and dissatisfaction with a life which had most, if not all, the elements which are usually sought as giving human happiness. By birth he belonged to the most aristocratic circles; wealth was his and the entrance to practically any circle he might choose. Add to this that as a writer of novels he took rank among the greatest of the age. Among all the honours and riches of life, and with the sense of intellectual superiority came a haunting question, "What was the meaning of life?" To this he had no answer. The intellectual class to which he belonged had no answer. Somehow, they conceived that their intellectual superiority was the greatest good, and that, though they spent their time in contradicting one another, they were the guides of the world. Yet they themselves had no guide and no settled principles. The comfortable class to which he also belonged, secured by law and custom in the possession of vast resources of material goods for which the masses must labour to set them at ease, gave him no inward satisfaction. With a home in which affectionate relationships were secure, he found no settled peace. What was it all for? What was life? What was its object?

A haunting temptation to suicide beset him for years.

The nihilism general among his asso-

ciates, and in which he shared, the absence of any religious belief, became almost unbearable. He had a sympathy with the life and work of the peasantry, shown in many of his earlier writings, a love of the country and of the actual manual work of the peasantry, the work of the fields; and he turned to them, these simpler folk, observing that somehow they had a satisfaction in life and discovered a meaning which his class missed. They had a religion of duty and lived with dignity through deprivation and evil, lighted by hope and conscience. With them this confidence was mingled with acceptance of the creeds and observances of the Orthodox Greek Church, which was calmly disregarded by his class as a superstition useful for the people, but not in any way binding upon the emancipated intellect. He sought to place himself in the religious position of the peasant, and tried to believe the Church's teaching. He found help in their religion, but soon discovered that submission to the Church and its ceremonial was impossible. In joining in its ceremonies he was acting a part. The taking of the Church sacrament was an unreality, a pretence.

He investigated the Christian Scriptures, and fixed upon the plain, simple words of the Sermon on the Mount and other practical teachings of Jesus, readily understood, as the essentials of Christianity, and tried to live by them; and he entered into a new period of life at an age when some men are beginning to grow old, and, henceforward, has spoken and written as a prophet among men. His appeal had great force. To the orthodox he said "He whom you believe to be God on, earth told you to act in a certain way; why don't you do so?" To the nihilistic intellectuals he said, "You have examined and expounded many systems; you have found nothing satisfactory. Here I have found an interpretation and meaning of life. We are here to do God's will, and in the clearest, plainest precepts of Christ I find the key to life, and have passed on from negation to a satisfying faith. Try this in the only way it can be tried, by acting upon the precepts of Christ."

The first and central precept fixed upon by Tolstoy, as revolutionary of his own previous view of life, was: Resist not him that is evil. Overcome evil with good. Judge not others, but act with love towards all.

Though felt to be revolutionary in his own life, Tolstoy's career was not without preparation for this change of view and action. As a soldier at Sevastopol he had observed and described the various phases of a soldier's life and the events of war with such large realism as practically to condemn war altogether and close the way for his own military promotion. In the many writings of his later period he reiterates the principle of non-resistance with great force and accepts its validity in the most literal and far-reaching way, permitting no exceptions.

He perceives that the organised State has always force in the background—physical force, violence—to compel the dissident to come into line with its requirements. He would abolish the State or Government as an organisation that compels obedience to its decrees. He perceives that private property in land is

maintained by force, that the accumulation of large material resources is made possible by the enforced labour—slavery—of the masses of the people. He would abolish all laws and all customs that have the policeman, the soldier, the gaol, the gallows, or exile lurking behind them to be used upon the unwilling. He would depend entirely on the goodwill of man to man, and would increase human goodness and happiness by methods only of goodwill and persuasion. And he would not use force in opposition to State violence.

In some of his writings Tolstoy's literalism in the interpretation of New Testament words may not be convincing. It is, however, no part of Tolstoy's faith that we are to believe what he says because he says it. We are to love truth more than the teaching of anybody, to do God's will revealed in reason and conscience, rather than that of any man. We are, therefore, according to Tolstoy, to weigh his words and principles and develop our own divine life. But his exposition of the doctrine of non-resistance is such that he has undoubtedly roused a grave doubt in the minds of many who formerly accepted the relationship of violence among men as a matter of course, and a growing number of people is prepared to trust the gospel of love instead of hate, of aspiration for the good in all instead of hatred and punishment of the evil-doer, to the uttermost.

Tolstoy perceives that a man's religion is the active principle of his life—that which regulates his conduct. The religion of men who reject religious belief is usually "submission to all that is done by the great majority of men," "the religion of obedience to constituted authority." "In some way or other they must live, and that something which is the cause of their living in one particular way and not in another is their religion."

The true religion of life is submission to God's will and action in accordance with it, or as nearly as you can in accordance with it. He finds that will expressed in the teachings of Christ, which he interprets with a literalism which may not be acceptable to all people. But if their inability to accept the literal interpretation be due to a confidence in the truth behind the particular expression of it, or to a recognition of God's will as other than that set forth in the text, then it is true to Tolstoy's first principle in religion that we should disobey the precept because we trust in truth. For he declares that he loves truth more than anything in the world, and accepts the teachings of Christ because up to the present they are to him the truth.

How staunchly and earnestly Tolstoy believes his religion is shown by his way of life. And his recent impassioned appeal to the authorities either to desist from the murder and exile and imprisonment of those who run counter to their decrees, or else take him, the arch offender, and administer to him the "well-soaped cord," is the appeal of a hero and a prophet who wishes to bear all the penalties that a worldly tribunal accords to those who belong to the Kingdom of God, and who is prepared, even anxious, to enter into a life of larger and better scope.

PRIESTLEY PRIME.

IS HEGELIANISM HARMFUL TO MORALITY?

SIR,—The last letter by Professor Jacks naturally falls into three divisions, in each of which I find myself unintentionally represented as holding views from which I entirely dissent. In the first quarter of the letter it is argued that I, in maintaining that the validity of the intuition of moral freedom can be doubted and denied, am in fundamental opposition to Dr. Martineau. In the second division, which occupies about half of letter, I, to my great astonishment, am charged with attempting to *prove* the validity of this intuition by philosophical arguments. In the last quarter of the letter I am equally surprised by my friend's assertion that Miss Drummond and I "appear to think that the conditions which make an act wrong are sufficiently satisfied if *somebody else* knows that the agent might have done otherwise." I will, accordingly, discuss these three basal misapprehensions separately.

I. Professor Jacks maintains that the arguments against free-will in his letter of July 18, if not valid against my view of moral freedom, are quite conclusive against the views of those thinkers who agree with Dr. Martineau in holding that the validity of the intuition of moral freedom cannot possibly be doubted or called in question by anyone at any time. If Dr. Martineau really held this view, his doctrine, no doubt, fundamentally differs from mine, and lies open to the criticism which Professor Jacks, in his earlier letter, passed on the doctrine which he mistakenly ascribed to me. But is it possible that Dr. Martineau did thus believe in the absolute impossibility of doubting the validity of the intuition of moral freedom? I maintain that it is not possible; and I further think that the following passage from *A Study of Religion*, which Professor Jacks quotes in support of his interpretation of Martineau, is itself an indirect proof that his interpretation is unsound:—"We have seen," says Martineau, "what intuition gives us in the case of *volitional experience*, viz., an *objective causality*; by a parallel presentation in the case of *moral experience*, we shall find that it gives us an *objective authority*; both alike being objects of immediate knowledge, on the same footing of certainty as the apprehension of the external material world." The words "immediate knowledge," may appear to support my friend's contention; and I must say that the expression seems to me ambiguous and misleading. That Dr. Martineau, however, did not mean by it what Professor Jacks supposes him to mean is, I venture to think, quite self-evident. It will be observed that Dr. Martineau places the moral intuition on precisely the same level of certainty as the apprehension of the external world, and it is surely incredible that he can have meant that neither Libertarianism nor Realism admit of being called in question by philosophers. What he actually meant, I believe, was that all men inevitably feel these intuitions or involuntary judgments, and that he considered it both natural and reasonable that they should put faith in them. That this was his view is confirmed by the statement which he makes on the same page that "We have to

trust something before we can know anything." "Trust" implies possible "distrust," and where trust and distrust come in, the possibility of doubt and disbelief necessarily comes in also. Had Dr. Martineau held the view which Professor Jacks attributes to him, he must have regarded all Determinists and Idealists as being in a measure mentally deranged. I conclude, then, that he simply meant what I have stated above, and that, consequently, the arguments adduced against free-will by Professor Jacks in his letter of July 18 are as ineffective against Dr. Martineau's view of moral freedom as they are against mine.

II. The second division of my friend's letter is eminently curious. Professor Jacks has discovered that I actually go a good way along with him in my philosophical pilgrimage, but that, unfortunately, at a critical point I, like Lot's wife, turn my face backwards towards the doomed city of Intuitionism, and so become transformed into a pillar of inconsistency and unintelligibility—a standing warning to all readers of THE INQUIRER who may have entered on the grand route of Absolute Idealism, but who are, in cowardly fashion, hesitating to go onwards and to bravely defy the portentous ethical phantoms which ever haunt the road to the realms of Divine Necessity.

But, seriously, the passages in my letter in which I seem to Professor Jacks to be going his way are those in which he supposes that I am labouring "to prove the validity of our intuition of moral freedom." But are there any such passages in my writings? I have carefully re-read my letter, and I find not the slightest indication that I am anywhere trying to prove philosophically the validity of the intuition in question. What I do say is that "man's possession of free choice in temptation can neither be conclusively proved by philosophy, nor conclusively disproved." Professor Jacks, himself admits "that instead of providing the promised (?) validation, Mr. Upton falls back on the intuitions, and asks them to validate themselves." Of course I do; and I have never dreamt of doing anything else. Philosophy has, no doubt, great influence both for good and for ill in reference to this great question of moral freedom. What I regard as an unsound philosophy may create distrust in the validity of this intuition, and what I regard as a truer philosophy may remove this distrust. But the truer philosophy in no way proves the validity of the intuition, but simply clears away the intellectual obstacles which may have previously stood in the way of a complete faith in the intuition, and thus effectually enables the intuition to validate itself. One-sided science and philosophy cast doubt on the assurance which the intuition naturally brings with it of its own validity; truer science and philosophy dissipate that doubt and restore unimpaired the primitive faith in the intuition's validity and authority.

Let me further illustrate what I mean. A consistent Determinist may oppose Libertarianism in one or both of the following ways. In the first place, he may say that he really never has had the feeling or involuntary judgment, that it

is open to him to make either of two equally possible decisions. To such an objector the Libertarian can only reply by asking him to recall, or to imagine, vivid instances in which he has been, or might be, strongly tempted, and then inquiring whether introspection does not in such cases reveal to him some consciousness of the presence of an open alternative, and also whether, in cases where he has yielded to a base temptation, he did not immediately afterwards feel that he could have made the nobler choice, and for that reason blamed himself and felt remorse for his sinful self-determination. If the Determinist, in response to this appeal, denies that he ever has such consciousness that it is open to him to make nobler choices than the choices which he actually makes, the Libertarian can only reply, "Your moral experience appears to differ from mine; but as it seems to me that men are fundamentally fashioned alike in this matter, my impression is that you will at length discover that you have in your analysis of your inner experience overlooked this most important factor in it."

But there are, I believe, comparatively few persons who would thus assert that in strong temptation they have no feeling, or involuntary judgment, that they can decide in either of two equally possible ways. The majority of Determinists would, I think, say that they have, and cannot help having, a feeling or intuition of this kind, but that the law of causality, the unvaried experience of the uniform sequence of cause and effect in the physical world, and certainly, to a large extent, also in the mental world, makes it seem to them immensely improbable that in the special case of men's moral self-determinations this otherwise invariable and uniform sequence does not exist. By this kind of reasoning science and philosophy too often succeed in throwing doubt and discredit on the validity of this indestructible intuition of our moral freedom. When philosophy, yielding to an undue craving for the intellectual unification of the cosmos, endeavours to persuade a man that his primitive intuition of moral freedom is illusory, that there exists no real ground for blaming himself or anyone else for any act of meanness, selfishness or evil passion, seeing that there never was any possibility of his acting otherwise than he actually did—I must say that when philosophy plays this part in human thought, she seems to me to afford some justification for the fear expressed in Tennyson's words, more forcible than polite:—

"Hold thou the good; define it well;
For fear divine philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procureess to the Lords of Hell."

In the intellectual unification, attempted by Hegelians, of all phenomena, both physical and moral, philosophy has indeed "pushed beyond her mark"; and the exaggerated reaction against it which is now taking shape in Pragmatism, is only a modern instance of what always happens when the intellectualist trespasses beyond his legitimate territory and endeavours to include within his all-devouring gnosticism, those realms of ethics and religion in which God and the individual soul stand in felt and living personal relation with each other. For this relation some genuine moral

freedom of the Libertarian sort is absolutely essential, and apart from it both religion and morality lose all their truest life and deepest meaning. To say this is not to attempt to *prove* the validity of the intuition; it is simply to point out that the existence and validity of such an intuition is inseparably bound up with the highest experiences of man's moral and spiritual life. Hegelian may say that they can realise these highest experiences apart from any recognition of the free-will intuition, but when I find, as I do, that T. H. Green speaks of "repentance" and declares that "it is an appropriate emotion for us to feel shame as in God's presence for omissions or violations of duty incognisable by other men," it is evident to me that he is indirectly confirming in the strongest manner the Libertarian doctrine; for what possible meaning can be attached to the words "repentance" and "shame," if all man's moral decisions have been inevitable.

Dr. Martineau's *Study of Religion*, Dr. George Galloway's recent *Studies in the Philosophy of Religion*, and similar works, which expound Libertarianism, neither prove, nor intend to prove, the validity of the intuition of moral freedom. Their value consists in showing the unsoundness of the arguments by which Determinists have sought to disprove the validity. In common with these writers, I hold that the intuition of our moral freedom shines by its own eternal light. That light may for a season be either rendered dim by persistent worldliness or its validity may be questioned by schools of philosophy; but its intrinsic light and authority are indestructible, and in the greater moral crises of life, or through the liberating influence of a philosophy which does full justice to the experiences of the conscience and the will, and not merely to the intellect, this intuition flashes forth into clear self-evidence, reveals the deep significance of sin, and the hell and the heaven of alienation from, and reconciliation with, the life of God within the soul.

In a note appended to Professor Jacks' letter he correctly says, "One of two positions may be held—(1) The intuitions are true because they are warranted by the philosophy; (2) The philosophy is true, because it accords with the intuitions." It will be evident from what I have said that I most decidedly accept the latter of these alternatives; but so utterly have I failed to make my position clear to my friend, that he unhesitatingly credits me with the acceptance of the former. This fundamental misapprehension leads him to make several strange and wholly unwarranted statements, in one of which he declares that I am "in the toils of that hopeless difficulty which Roman Catholics have always urged with so much effect against the Protestant doctrine of the Bible." The objective authority of your Bible, say the Catholics, "vanishes in the subjective fallibility of its interpreters." Professor Jacks evidently does not see that all Libertarians agree as to what is meant by the intuition of freedom, and that I, in common with the rest of them, hold that all that our philosophy has to do with it is to state it clearly, to examine the arguments which other philosophies have urged against its validity, and to show

as conclusively as we can the unsoundness of these arguments. We have nothing whatever to do with directly proving the intuition. If it does not validate itself in our consciousness, all the philosophy in the world will be utterly powerless to establish its authority.

III. Professor Jacks further contends that Miss Drummond and I "indulge in a confusion of ideas which I believe Dr. Martineau would have visited with severe philosophical censure." I can only speak for myself, but I feel sure that if Dr. Martineau, knowing my fundamental agreement with his ethical philosophy, had heard me maintaining, as Professor Jacks supposes me to maintain, that "the conditions which make an act wrong are sufficiently satisfied if *somebody else* knows that the agent might have done otherwise," he would have gazed at me with amazement, as at one in whose inner life a sort of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" business was going on, and he would have recommended me to cease philosophising until I felt sure which of these two personalities was really my own. By Dr. Martineau and by all Libertarians, I believe, no act is considered morally wrong unless it was open to the agent at the time of the action to choose between it and what he felt to be the right action. The crucial question is, Was the agent himself free to choose between two actions, one of which he felt to be morally higher than the other? If he was, it doesn't matter a straw, as regards his responsibility, whether somebody else knew of his freedom or not. It is another question whether the man who is morally free has always himself a clear knowledge or consciousness of his freedom. I should say that he does become intellectually aware of it so soon as his attention is directed to his experience in moral decisions. In all cases of moral action I should say that the intuition is not only potentially present, but is actually more or less *felt*, though it may not have been intellectually distinguished from the other elements in the complex psychical state. It is open to doubt, I think, whether real responsibility comes in till the clear intellectual intuition is reached. I should feel grateful to Miss M. Drummond if she would give us a paper on this, to me, difficult subject.

Professor Jacks believes that I am anxious to furnish the disciple of Mr. Robert Blatchford with my particular set of ideas about moral freedom, because I am "confident—far more confident than any miserable 'less likely to' can express that—that the mind so furnished will necessarily and certainly issue in a corresponding life." "If you have not this confidence, why," asks Professor Jacks, "do you take the trouble to advocate your Libertarian views?" To this I reply that there are manifold influences which help men to mount to a higher moral level, and except in cases where the so-called sin is simply due to lack of knowledge, it is always more or less indeterminate what effect these influences will have. The mere circulation of what I regard as correct views on the freedom of the will does a little, but vivid and powerful personal appeals which call forth in the hearer a

higher and nobler ideal of life, will have far greater moral efficacy. But such appeals, which are mightily influential at the moment, grow comparatively weak when the tide of moral and spiritual emotion has ebbed, and many transient converts may fail to keep on the high level to which the eloquent preacher's appeal may have temporarily raised them. Such inspiring appeals, accompanied by a further appeal to the man's consciousness of his own real freedom and personal responsibility to the indwelling God, have undoubtedly on the whole a stimulating and elevating moral effect, for they open fresh opportunities and call forth fresh resolves. How far in each individual case they will result in the deliberate choice of higher principles and nobler aims in life, is a problem which is, I believe, intrinsically insoluble not only because the dynamic elements involved are so exceedingly subtle, but still more because there are among them acts of free self-determination which are, from the nature of the case, indeterminate. In reply to the last paragraph in Professor Jacks' letter, I should say that if a man has a very faint intuition of his moral freedom and of moral obligation, both his moral merits and moral demerits will be proportionately less, and he will feel both moral satisfaction and remorse in a much less intense degree. I suppose that many uncivilised tribes and uncivilised individuals are in this elementary moral condition. I fail to see what inference Professor Jacks can draw from this fact to the detriment of the Libertarian theory of morals.

In conclusion I should like to say that while it seems to me that the abstract teaching of either the Libertarian or the Hegelian theory of moral freedom in text-books and classrooms has little moral influence either for good or ill, I am firmly convinced that whenever these two theories shall take a living and concrete form in general literature and in preaching, their effect on the moral life of society will be most powerful, and I cannot think that the balance of good results would be on the Hegelian side. I should like Professor Jacks to deal with this practical aspect of the question, for it is by this that the final dominance of the one or other theory will be determined. Would he preach the Hegelian view of moral freedom himself and recommend others to preach it?

CHARLES B. UPTON.

SIR,—I should like to put to Professor Upton (I know of old how exhaustless is the patience of our revered teacher) the suggestion whether "choice," and "choosing between open alternatives," when used technically, may not be words that introduce unnecessary difficulty into the controversy. The prime thing is to seize the essential note of the moral act of the will. But when a man's self is in the agony or the rapture of a great moral experience, is there not something vastly more in it than a "choice"? Choice may describe an act of judgment or deliberation, the result of weighing the prudential considerations for and against a certain course, as when a man is choosing a profession. Or it may signify the mere leaning or preference—say of Bassanio when he makes his choice among the

caskets. But our moral dispositions are not truly described either as prudential calculation or as accidental preference. Again, there is a delusive simplicity in representing moral questions as being addressed always to *two* things, one of which must be chosen. It is true that when Peter heard Christ's reply to his *Quo Vadis?* there were but two directions on the road for him to choose between—one straight on, the other back to Rome and death. But while the external issue of our inward experiences may often resolve itself into the form "this or that," we cannot bring the history of our real moral conflict under this kind of bisection. Sometimes what we feel is the incoming of a great flood of emotion that closes up every possible alternative. At other times there is a tangle of warring motives impossible for us to track or range into any kind of order, as in the case of St. Paul in Romans vii. Again, there is always the sense of the originating power and independence of the I, the Self (and this is the truth the Libertarian wishes to conserve). There is always the fact that I am a person with a past history and a present more or less definite character, which the willing Self can by no manner of means succeed in disregarding (and this is the truth the Determinist wishes to conserve). And, most important of all, the soul lives its life in presence of a Living Ideal. It can do right and be good only because of the wooing, attractive influence of that Living Right and Good. It can sin only because that Ideal is always there, over against the soul, as its background and ultimate presupposition. But the theory of "free choice" too often seems to suggest that the soul would still have its "open alternative" even if it did not, on one side of its being, lie open in this way to the Infinite. As if, that is, God is *there*, and man is *here*, and is able in and of himself alone to "choose" good or ill. This unfortunate Pelagianism seems to cling about such phrases.

And it is the infinite side of man's relations that the Libertarian is really concerned to guard, and he would do this effectively if he could only jump off the shadow of his own valuable truth. He is so afraid of seeming to allow that the Self can be compelled by an outside power that he depicts man too much, as Professor Pringle-Pattison says, as a "punctual or self-contained unity." Yet the real mission of the Libertarian is to maintain the infinite side of our nature. Professor Jacks has shown us (April 11) that the Determinist, on his side, can only be sure of the world's goodness so long as the soul has a determined place in a fixed moral order. The Libertarian, on the contrary, if he has "jumped off his shadow," can trust the soul's fortunes to real moral experiences; that is to say, to the influence of a persuasive Ideal, which is the only kind of causation there can be in the moral world. But half the Libertarian's victory is snatched from him by his fear. Moreover, the same fear will not let him recognise that our present conduct is always related in some way to our past. But why should the Libertarian fear the past? The past does not govern or determine the present, but the present takes up the past into itself, absorbs it,

uses and remakes it. Has not Mr. Wicksteed, in his Essex Hall lecture, taught us that "That seeming irrevocability which we think of as the great characteristic of the past turns out to be an illusion. We may yet make it, in large measure, what we will"? Our past is no material cause or hard brute fact exercising compulsion over our present. It is a *spiritual* fact, therefore amenable to spirit now. Every new moment is unique. In every new moment we experience the "eternal now." If the Libertarian is afraid that these truths are imperilled, it is because of the lingering fear that some causation from without may be held to coerce the soul. But even the Hegelian Mr. Haldane has said "the old speculation as to whether volition was an uncaused something, or, whether, as philosophers used to maintain, the operations of the mind are only a series of causes and effects making a single and unalterable chain, was really beside the point. The mind is obviously wholly outside the category of cause and effect, which has only a significance if we are talking of relationships within space and time" (*Pathway to Reality* I. 65). If, then, the acts of a spiritual being are out of and above time, there seems to be no good reason for retaining phrases which emphasise exclusively the finite side of man's life—(1) his division from God, and (2) the division of his life into past and present.

W. WHITAKER.

BUSINESS AND LEISURE.

IN the Apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus there is some excellent discourse on this topic. Jesus, son of Sirach, claims that "he that is lessened in his business shall become wise." Of course, it by no means follows that a man with a fair margin of time which he can call his own will turn that time to such account as shall make him a better and a wiser man. There is a use of leisure, and there is an abuse of leisure. And the contention of the son of Sirach is not to be gainsaid, that a certain amount of leisure is an almost indispensable condition of growth in wisdom. The desire for self-culture may be strong in a man, and yet the stern conditions of life's daily struggle may in time stifle it. Whatever some men of ample vital resources may have accomplished in spite of fearful odds, the fact is not altered that where the day's work has been exhausting, and where week after week and year after year there is no relaxation from toil beyond what a bank holiday or a day's illness affords, the amount of reserve energy available for thought and study must generally be very small indeed and in many cases nil. Or, on the other hand, we may observe those who are masters of their own time and in comparatively easy circumstances, who persist that the claims of business prevent their taking any relaxation. They rather plume themselves on being always busy and having no leisure. These are they who exalt commerce to the premier place amongst the pursuits of civilised peoples. Such men there were among the Jews in the days of Jesus, son of Sirach. Business had so absorbing a fascination for them that it threatened, and often succeeded

in accomplishing, the submersion of the man in the affairs of the man. Gaining a livelihood came to be taken for life itself—a usurpation by commerce of what is strictly the place of religion.

Commerce has become a usurper when it is regarded as the all-prevailing interest of mankind, when, in the home, it is a tyrannical master instead of an obedient servant, when it sends the breadwinner to a daily treadmill which overtaxes his energies instead of healthily exercising them: commerce has become a usurper when in society it inspires lying advertisements and false balance-sheets, when it bribes the unscrupulous, fleeces the unwary, and wrecks the confiding, when it fosters a feverish anxiety and promotes a mania for gambling: commerce has become a usurper when in national life it seeks to make and unmake laws for its own ends, regardless of other human interests, when it purchases the citizen's vote and corrupts the executive which represents him: commerce has become a usurper when it interposes between nation and nation, puts national advantage before the race's welfare, and so stirs up strife and precipitates peaceful peoples into the horrors of war. The dominant concern of a nation, at any rate, of a Christian nation, should be righteousness, with its two-fold aspect—justice and truth. But righteousness has been put in a subordinate place when commerce is made the arbiter of all national and international disputes, the end of all international alliances. The ancients, wiser in some respects in their day than we are in ours, had a myth that Mercury "increased his fame by robbing Neptune of his trident, Venus of her girdle, Mars of his sword, Jupiter of his sceptre, and Vulcan of many of his mechanical instruments." Under mythological guise those men of old hid a great truth—true then, truer now. This undue exaltation of the worth of commerce has corrupted our art, our literature, our poetry, our music; it has invaded the realm of education, attempting to regulate the development of mind and heart by the transient requirements of commercial exigencies, while it has utilised religion to give status to commerce in surroundings sometimes doubtful.

Now, one antidote for the dominance of the commercial idea is more leisure. The wisdom of Jesus, the son of Sirach, is endorsed in this regard by the wisdom of Jesus, the son of Joseph. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And what a wealth of words God is uttering in these golden summer days! "The breezy call of incense-breathing morn," the countless voices of the genial noon, the summons to meditation of the long, long evening—so reluctant to depart, and going at length, "trailing clouds of glory"—how many words which are so much more valuable than bread does the great Wisdom utter for use in the course of a single round of the sun!

In the hands of a just and generous man business may be a noble instrument of service—human and divine. But only he who can throw off its cares and take his part with the great human movement

is likely to derive from it any real advantage beyond a material subsistence. The tendency of business unsupported by philosophy, unrestrained by ethics, and uninspired by religion, is to engulf the man. A certain power of detachment is essential. "How shall he become wise that holdeth the plough?" asks the son of Sirach. His heart is so wholly in his farming that wherever and whenever you meet him his "discourse is of the stock of bulls." Even his nights are broken by the thought that he must rise early to give his heifers fodder. It is the same with "every artificer and workmaster." It is the same with the smith, though he leave the forge "the noise of the hammer will be ever in his ear." It is the same with the potter, "always anxiously set at his work." True, there is a stirring and uplifting aspect to all this. Labour is a divine benison. And a Kipling will bring forth from his lyre a note so virile as shall almost convince us that the day's work is the be-all and end-all of existence. A Carlyle will all but compel us to pour out a libation to the God of Labour. Nevertheless, it is leisure which enables the poet and the prophet as well as the common drudge to divine that life is much more than the means of living, and that there is sublimer work to be done than any which is recompensed in wages.

The apotheosis of business is a great modern danger. It is the justification of much harshness, and soullessness, and inhumanity, and avarice. It is the excuse of much materialism, shallow agnosticism, and insincere atheism. Men are too busy to think, or at least to carry thought beyond those problems of finance, manufacture, or exchange which meet them in the course of daily toil. A most amazing ignorance characterises multitudes of men of sound mind, experts in their own line, but devoid of information, beyond what is obtained from newspapers, on almost everything outside it, utterly indifferent to the speculations of philosophy, to the charm of languages and literature, to the ascertained laws of science and the established principles of ethics and religion.

To face this unquestionable fact of men's overwhelming absorption in business to the exclusion of higher considerations is not to belittle those activities which are so necessary to our welfare. It is merely to enter a plea for a truer perspective of life. Just because vigorous commercial and industrial activities are necessary to well-being, it is important to urge the proper placing of them. In the proverbial language before us, "Without these shall not a city be inhabited, and men shall not sojourn nor walk up and down therein," and, again, these men "maintain the fabric of the world." For this reason men are in danger of making their prayer to the handiwork of their craft. But the wise son of Sirach shows us that this will not be the course of the man who is lessened in his business. "Not so he that applieth his soul, and meditateth in the law of the Most High. He will seek out the wisdom of all the ancients . . . He will keep the discourse of the men of renown, and will enter in amidst the subtilities of

parables. He will travel through the land of strange nations . . . He will apply his heart early to resort to the Lord that made him."

Here, then, in travel, history, literature, and devotion, the man whose soul is not wholly engrossed in business will find his recreation, his renovation, his true advancement. But this he cannot do without leisure. Hence a margin of time for self-culture is a necessity of our nature, and we have no right either to withhold it from others or refuse to find it for ourselves. Holidays and vacations are as much a gift from God as our opportunities and spheres of work. But price less as compared with our longer vacations are those margins of leisure which should be enjoyed every day by everyone, when the soul is not too weary to commune with the Soul of all souls. But whether leisure comes in long or short periods, regularly or spasmodically, it is a gain only so far as it is accompanied by the capacity and desire rightly to use it. The educated man is usually more able, probably because more accustomed, to utilise his spare time than he who is ordinarily accountable for his time to another. But, amongst humbler folks, many an excursion party has been taken to an idyllic Welsh valley, or a seaside resort, only to spend its time in the precincts of a hostelry or to dance the day away in some stuffy, tinselled assembly-room. The rolling green uplands, the woods and hedgerows, the pebbly riverbed, the translucent water, the silver cascade, the quaint white-washed cottages tangled o'er with honeysuckle and crimson rambler, the browsing sheep, the placid cows, the singing lark, the bracing hill-tops, the storm-riven cliffs, the golden sea-shore, the illimitable ocean, the swift ships, the beckoning clouds—these and a thousand other delights were nothing to them, for them had no existence.

To have leisure, and to use it listlessly—not appreciating its divine intent—is to abuse it, and to be the worse for its possession. We may use hours of leisure as the butterfly or the bee uses the flowers. The butterfly flits from flower to flower, enjoying the delicious nectar, but carrying none away; the bee carries the nectar to fill the honeycomb and prepare for the dark days when the sun is sleeping and the flowers are dead. So the joy of pleasure is not merely in the present; it yields, for the truly wise, rich store of sustenance for needy days to come.

A. T.

The unity of spirits is partly in their sympathy, and partly in their giving and taking, and always in their love: and these are their delight and their strength; for their strength is in their co-working and army fellowship, and their delight is in the giving and receiving of alternate and perpetual currents of good.—*Ruskin*.

I TAKE it that a great part of this earthly tuition and discipline is not more to work out the evil that is in us, than to prepare us to receive what God has in readiness to give us. I cannot otherwise interpret the great and terrible withholding seen in the vast majority of lives; this fearful negative must mean a gracious positive.—*T. T. Munger*.

THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION

FOUR hundred meetings have now been held, and we are beginning to look forward to a result of this kind: 100 more meetings, and 100,000 more people than last year! The number of meetings depends entirely from now upon the weather, and it is gratifying to know that not a single meeting has been lost during the past week, though it has had a fair share of wild and wet and cold nights. The attendances suffer, of course, a great deal, and it is not everywhere that people bring wraps as at one place mentioned in this report. There are some, indeed, who look to the weather to bring about our discomfiture, when they themselves fail to turn the argument of a missionary, or to incense a crowd against these perverters of their "holy things." As on an evening just gone by, when a little party of zealots in this extremity of helplessness saw, apparently with joy, the bursting of a cloud, and as the rains descended lifted their grateful hearts to the strain of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Fortunately it is not everyone who is either so hostile or so gloomy in his view of things. A good fellow apologises to the wife for his late home-coming on the ground that he has "been to school!" He had learned more of religion from a few nights' vanning than he had ever known before. Men frequently come along with similar testimonies. These are in some sort an equivalent of that finding of salvation which is the fortune of the penitent during a revival. In the likelihood of its results and its endurance, this message, which is "so different" compares well with the one that is more familiar. A testimony at one of our meetings has also a particular character of its own. Its truth, as well as its spontaneity, is almost assured in view of the fact that it is evoked in spite of prejudice. Our meetings differ from those promoted by other Churches in the fact that generally a revival meeting of any kind is largely attended by people who are already members of the body promoting the services. It more frequently happens that in our meetings the audience and the missionaries may be entirely unknown to each other. And under such circumstances the value of any testimony is considerably enhanced.

This report concludes the story of the remarkable series of meetings which covered the whole of August. This month, it will be remembered, we have regarded as likely to be the poorest in its statistics of attendance. People are away on holidays, or, if you are in a rural district, work in the fields keeps your audience away. In the two earlier years this experience of other persons was confirmed by our own vanners. But this summer we have had a long run of meetings with an attendance of about 70,000 people, as nearly as possible doubling the figures for July. This last week the returns are satisfactory all round. No meeting has passed a thousand, and only one has had an attendance under 200. This means a steady average, and a class of meeting with which the missionary can deal most effectively. Scotland does not send in a further list of huge meetings, but probably Mr. Russell is just as proud of last week.

when he was driven indoors more than once, and found an audience ready to follow him into the Public Hall, as he was on the Trysting Ground at Stenhousemuir. In addition to the meetings recorded he has lectured again for the Universalists at that place, and the heartiness with which the congregation has thrown itself into the work seems to have produced a great revival. A paragraph in the report of the Town Council meeting of Denny is significant of the impression which has been produced by the Mission. "A letter was submitted from a Unitarian preacher asking permission to hold a meeting at the Cross on the evening of September 1st and a few following nights. It was reported that meetings at other places had been attended by large crowds of people, and in view of this, and seeing it would be dark in the evenings by the time the meetings are to be held, it was resolved to suggest that the meetings should be held in the Public Park instead of at the Cross."

The London van has had a notable Mission at Slough, and the Midland van did well at Wolverhampton.

LONDON DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. H. K. BROADHEAD).—There is another first-class report from the London district this week. The van entered Slough on the 24th for a three days' Mission before visiting Maidenhead. It remained, however, until September 2, and left with the promise that if possible there should be winter lectures delivered in the town. Rev. W. R. Shanks was the missionary during the week, and on Monday this week his place was taken by Rev. J. M. Whiteman. The meetings were not over large, but they were characterised by an excellent spirit. There was suspicion and disquiet at the beginning of the week, and one preacher publicly stated that the Mission ought not to be permitted in the town. By the end of the week, the opposition had given place to unmistakable appreciation, and the people were urging Mr. Shanks to return, if only for another night. On Sunday the lay missionary conducted the service and intimated that if there were sufficient people interested it might be possible to arrange the lectures, and that means would be taken during the week to ascertain the local feeling in regard to the matter. A number of persons expressed their willingness to co-operate in any effort that might be made. Owing to a temporary defect in the acetylene apparatus, the van was without its lamps for the end of the week, and the missionaries were accordingly grateful to the proprietor of a large boot establishment who kept his shop lamps burning for the benefit of the meeting until its close each evening. In consequence of the length of time devoted to Slough, the Maidenhead visit was abandoned, and the van is now at Henley, prior to the Reading Mission which opens on the 7th inst.

MIDLAND DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. B. TALBOT).—The Wolverhampton meetings were continued until Wednesday, and were attended with much success. Rev. A. Hall writes that he was struck by the way in which people stood in the rain to listen to the explanation of the faith. Many came early, having over-

coats under their arms, and evidently determined to stay the meeting out. The audiences were composed of thoughtful men, as was shown by the kind of question asked. Over a score of these were written. Some of the questioners wanted an explanation of the alleged materialisation of Jesus in a room after the crucifixion; and whether it was the God "within" or "without" that Jesus meant when he prayed to the Father. Light also was required on the baptismal formula, and as to how far sickness or sin could affect a man who only thought "good." A special announcement was made of the services at the church, and some definite promises were made in this connection. The Wolverhampton friends rendered great assistance; Rev. J. A. Shaw took the chair at five of the meetings, Mr. W. L. Teasdale at one, and Miss Wright presided at the harmonium. Good meetings ruled at Walsall also where the Mission opened on the 27th. Rev. William C. Hall conducted the meetings, the Rev. P. E. Richards presiding, with the exception of Saturday, when Mr. Teasdale took the chair. Mrs. Richards gave a short address and Mrs. Hodgkins was at the harmonium. The audiences varied in character. On Saturday there was a good deal of the loafing element present, while on the Sunday a thoughtful company was at the meeting. An evangelist would have liked the meeting to be transferred to him, and had to be reminded of some simple courtesies, which it is well to observe, before he retired from the scene. The missionaries felt that the difficulties at Walsall were great, and that despite the large audiences, there was scarcely the earnestness which is necessary to enduring results. Wednesbury and Coseley are holding meetings and on the 10th the van is due at West Bromwich.

SOUTH WALES DISTRICT (Lay Missioner, Mr. A. BARNES).—The week has been one of steady uneventful work, both at Treorchy and at Tonyppandy. Rev. J. Wain continued his mission at the former place until Wednesday, and next day Rev. A. Amey took charge, being assisted by Rev. D. G. Rees. On the Friday, Rev. J. Park Davies also took part, and Mr. John Lewis, of Pontypridd, occupied the chair. On two evenings at Treorchy the Methodists held opposition meetings, but made no great headway against the Mission, and had to be content with smaller audiences than those which were listening to the Unitarians. Far more serious than this opposition was the unsettled state of the weather, which interfered with all the meetings, some of which were held in heavy rain. The attendances, indeed, have been most satisfactory in view of this fact, and there is every reason to be satisfied with the results. Sales, too, have been good, and many kindnesses have been shown to the missionaries. Mr. G. Thomas presided at the harmonium at Treorchy, and Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mrs. Jenkins, and Mrs. Swain also did much to make the work successful. On the 3rd the van moved on to Pontypridd, and next week it will be at Merthyr Tydfil.

DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

LONDON DISTRICT.—Slough, August 24 to 30, seven meetings; attendance, 3,000.

MIDLAND DISTRICT.—Wolverhampton, August 24 to 26, three meetings; attendance, 1,650. Walsall, August 27 to 30, four meetings; 2,100.

SCOTLAND.—Bonnybridge, August 24 to 30, seven meetings; attendance, 1,930.

SOUTH WALES.—Treorchy, August 24 to 26, three meetings; attendance, 1,550. Tonypandy, August 27 to 30, four meetings; 1,350.

TOTALS.—August 24 to 30, 28 meetings; attendance, 11,580; average, 413.

THOS. P. SPEDDING.

*Clovercroft, Buckingham-road,
Heaton Chapel, near Stockport.*

SCOTTISH VAN.

We are still at Bonnybridge. Our meetings have not been large, for rain has fallen nearly every night. On Monday, soon after I began speaking, the rain came. I saw that my audience would not stay, so I sent my assistant to hire the Public Hall, and I asked the crowd to retire there. We had an audience of 350. On Tuesday the weather was fine, and a crowd of 400 listened to me; but on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday it rained hard. On each of these evenings I took the people to the Hall, but I have found from long experience, that on very wet nights we cannot expect a large gathering. Moreover, I did not hire the Hall until I found it impossible to hold the meeting in the open air. On Saturday it was fine but cold, and I had about 250 people round my van. On Sunday night I was once more in the Public Hall, but as I had advertised this service in the weekly paper, I had a congregation of 530. I have taken the Hall for Sunday, September 13, and wherever my van may be then, I will spend the week end here. I passed over September 6, as on that evening I am to speak on the Tryst Ground again. On Sunday morning I was at the Universalist Church, Stenhousemuir, and the room was packed. That church has no fixed creed. It is as free as any Unitarian church, and nearly every member that I have spoken to is practically a Unitarian like myself. I believe Rev. H. Williamson, of Dundee, has had a splendid influence for good over some of these people.

On Tuesday, September 1, I take my van to Denny.
E. R. RUSSELL.
August 31.

ASSISTANCE OFFERED IN THE FORMATION OF GUILDS.

SIR,—At a time when our ministers and their co-workers are getting their institutions in order in view of winter activities, I should feel obliged if you will permit me, in the interests of our young people and the church, to advocate the formation of guilds where they do not already exist.

The spirit and purpose of these societies should be fairly well known by this time. They are associations of teachers, elder scholars, and younger members of our congregations (1) for the culture of the religious spirit and (2) mutual encouragement in good endeavour.

The method of carrying out these objects is by meetings, at regular intervals, for a devotional service; to hear addresses or papers on some aspects of religious life and

thought; and to take counsel as to how best to be of use in the church and community.

The value of the guild in its power to bind the young people in real fellowship, and to attach them to the church, is beyond question. There is abundant testimony to this in our churches here and in America, and in the Evangelical Free Churches in every part of the world.

The guilds affiliated with the National Conference Guilds' Union number at present about thirty-five. In addition there are, I have reason to believe, many kindred societies in our churches which have not yet joined the Union. I should be glad to know for what reason they stand apart. They would gain and give strength by association.

My colleagues on the Council of the Guilds' Union are very desirous of promoting the further formation of guilds, and to this end are willing to assist at meetings called for that purpose—to advise, explain, or encourage. As far as lies in my power, I, too, will gladly share in that work. Application for such assistance should be sent to me at the address below.

A circular, the annual report, and a new topic list will be issued about the end of the month. Copies of the Manual of Responsive Services can be had at any time (3d. each).

I shall be pleased, as far as I am able, to answer all inquiries.

JOHN ELLIS,

President of the National Conference
Guilds' Union.

Elmwood, Staincliffe, Batley.

OLD BOOKS WANTED.

SIR,—If any of your readers have any old historical or biographical books which deal with Yorkshire Unitarianism or early Protestant Nonconformity for which they have no further use, I shall be pleased to hear from them, as I am collecting materials for a history of Mill Hill Chapel. Old sermons are not of much use to me, but portraits of early divines or old prints of chapels might be useful.

E. BASIL LUPTON.

147, Hyde Park-road, Leeds.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

London.—Essex Church (Appointment).

—The Rev. R. K. Davis, B.A., who has recently completed his course at Manchester College, Oxford, has been appointed assistant minister to the Rev. Frank K. Freeston at Essex Church, in succession to the Rev. R. N. Cross. He begins his duties on Sunday next, and his address is 29, Bark-place, W.

Wakefield.—Among the possessions of the Westgate Chapel Trustees is the graveyard which marks the site of the Presbyterian Meeting-house, that preceded the present place of worship. For many years this remained unprotected, and little better than a receptacle for all manner of refuse. The tombstones, of which there are about seventy, lay at all angles, but, fortunately, most of them sustained little damage. One serious difficulty in mending matters was that the surrounding land and adjoining road had been raised considerably, and the graveyard was thus little better than a pool or marsh during the winter. The Rev. Andrew Chalmers, who has for some time contemplated retirement, offered to re-enclose and restore the old Campo Santo, and to take the entire financial responsibility. By means of a Garden Sale of Work and the help of members of the congregation and friends, who included Churchmen and orthodox Dissenters, he raised a

considerable part of the cost, and is prepared to wipe off the balance. The amount expended has been over £140, and this would have been exceeded but for gifts of material and voluntary labour. The transformation that has been effected is so great that the place is hardly recognisable. A massive wall of dressed stone, surmounted by a handsome iron railing, now securely encloses the space, whilst a tasteful gateway and gate gives access to what seems a garden rather than a graveyard. The re-dedication of the tombs as sacred memorials took place on Saturday, August 29, this being the date of the opening of the old chapel by Oliver Heywood in 1697. On Sunday afternoon the Sunday-school children were ranged along the walks, and a musical service was conducted by Mr. Chalmers. In the evening the service in Westgate Chapel was also of a commemorative character.

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, September 6.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15 and 7.
Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.
Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. JUPP.
Deptford, Church-street, 6.30, Mr. A. PHARAOH.
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. K. DAVIS, B.A.
Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 6.30, Mr. DELTA EVANS. "The Game of Life."
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.
Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30.
Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR.
Ilford, The Cleveland Hall, Cleveland Road, 7, Rev. GEORGE CARTER.
Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W. No morning service; 7, Mr. A. SAVAGE COOPER.
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.
Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER, B.A.
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Rev. J. HIPPERSON; 6.30, Mr. E. W. SMITH.
Plumstead, Common-road Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.
Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 Rev. FELIX TAYLOR, B.A. No Evening Service.
Stepney Green, College Chapel, 11, Mr. W. R. MARSHALL; and 7, Mr. EDWARD CAPLETON.
Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A. No evening service.
Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. A. S. NOEL; 6.30, Mr. H. L. JACKSON.
Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 11 and 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.
Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. DR. MUMMEY.

ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, JOHN W. BROWN.
BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
BEDFORD, 2.30 and 6.30.
BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.
BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. C. COE.
BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WICKSTEED, M.A.

BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.
 CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars. No service.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 DOUGLAS, I.O.M., The Gymnasium, Kensington-road (off Bucks-road), 11 and 6.30, Ministers from Manchester and District.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12, Rev. G. HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.
 FRAMLINGHAM, 11 and (first Sunday in month only) 6.30.
 GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HARROGATE, Dawson's Rooms, St. Mary's Walk, 6.30, Rev. H. McLACHLAN, M.A., B.D. "Christ's Disclaimer of Goodness."
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45, Rev. H. MACLACHLAN, M.A.; and 6.30.
 LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GERTRUD VON PETZOLD.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11, Rev. MATTHEW WATKINS; 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton Park, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW WATKINS.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. PEREIS.
 NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. SYDNEY STREET, B.A.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. M. LIVEN.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 6.45, Rev. JAMES BURTON, M.A.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE KNIGHT.
 SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.
 TAVISTOCK, Abbey Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. RATTENBURY HODGES.
 TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11, Mr. H. C. BAKER; 7.30, Mr. E. BAKER. "Human Responsibility."
 WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.
 WINDERMERE, Bowness Institute, North Terrace, 11, Rev. DOUGLAS WALMSLEY, B.A.

GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse. 11, Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALM-FORTH.

MARRIAGES.

ROWE — HAINSWORTH. — On August 31, at Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, by the Rev. C. Hargrove, M.A., Rev. Mortimer Rowe to Beatrice Hainsworth.

NEW — HEATON. — On August 3, at St. George's, Edgbaston, Birmingham, by the Rev. A. E. Heaton, Curate of Holy Trinity, Birchfield, Birmingham, assisted by the Rev. A. R. Rannels-Moss, Vicar of St. John's, Ladywood, Birmingham, Thomas Gladstone, son of Herbert New, of 4, Arthur-road, Edgbaston, to Ursula Kathleen Margaret, elder daughter of Ralph Heaton, of 58, Calthorpe-road, Edgbaston.

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